

historical crucifixion be reminded that Christ, —the Brooding Love, the Father Heart,—is being crucified again, now, before their very eyes, in the dreadful holocaust of camp and battle,—his children beneath four flags, in far away lands of the tropical sun.

### SPECIALIZATION FOR CHRIST

G. W. RENCH

The various professions have their specialists. The law has its criminal and railroad lawyers. Medicine has its eye and throat doctors. Teaching has its grammarians and botanists. And all real specialists are in great demand. In fact this is an age of specialists. But what about the ministry? Does not the church need specialists as well as the professions? Certainly, she does. If she is to do the best for Christ, she must have them. Paul, in his first letter to Timothy, speaking about certain things pertaining to his work said, "Give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." Ministers ought to be an *authority* on some one thing in their work. Indeed, laymen as well!

The church will always be menaced by some theories that must be overthrown or the work suffer. There ought to be a specialist to meet the condition. He would so completely demolish the wrong that it could never hold up its head again in that particular field. Congregations have been disturbed and some destroyed by Seventh-day Advents, Dowieism, Christian Science, Mormonism, saintism, shoutin' 'appyism, and what not. In one field that I know of "we have met the enemy and—we are theirs"—church house and all. "Earnestly contend for the faith," says the Book, but we surrendered everything without a blow. But the queerest thing in my mind is the remedy proposed by some of my brethren. They say make the deed so that the general church will hold the property. But what good does a church house do in a field where we have been driven out of? It's worth more to shame us than the price we could get for it. Let it stand as a monument to our ignorance, cowardice, or indifference, and some day a young David will rise up, and stung by the disgrace, he will place a smooth, round pebble into his sling, there will be a whistle and a shriek, and the enemy will get it right between the eyes. Then the people will shout. The people need saving, not the church house. Save them and there will be no need of building a wall around the property by some process of law.

Specialists we need for Sunday-school work. What an army of teachers we have who ought to have training for their work. Let some one go into our districts who knows how to *get the workers*, and what to do with them, and what a *different* state of affairs we would soon realize.

Specialists we need for special doctrines of the church. Many times our cause is weakened by not knowing how to throw the pebble. People are often driven away from the truth rather than brought to admire it,

and finally to adopt it. Specialists we need as Bible teachers. Let some one, for example, become an authority on the Book of Romans. There would be great demand for him at all our gatherings. Who can imagine the up lift the church would receive by such an awakening from a single book? Give us, at least, a few specialists, that God may be glorified by many who have been trained.

### Home Circle

#### Broken Homes

EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON

How cry these broken homes to Thee,  
O God of mercy, God of love,  
Where life's glad songs were caroled free,  
And hope's fair rainbow bent above;  
These rifled nests, these scattered dreams,  
These little heavens begun below,  
Amid whose sunny morning gleams  
Thy sacred altar fires did glow?  
Thou who hast formed us knowest well  
What Thou hast planted in the heart,  
The fires that oceans could not quell,  
The strength of ties thus rent apart.  
We will not doubt Thee, holy One,  
But kiss the hand that deals the blow.  
Thou hast a balm for every wound,  
And sometime we shall see and know.  
And from our broken altars here  
The seraphim shall still ascend,  
What tho the minor chords appear  
In all our songs of praise to blend.  
Sorrow is sweeter at Thy hand  
Than joy's full cup by Thee unblest.  
And so in patient faith we stand,  
And in Thy sheltering promise rest.

—*Christian Advocate.*

#### He Hadn't Had a Chance

Youth's Companion.

A few years ago a railway accident happened in the outskirts of a small California village. The only person killed outright was a tramp who was stealing a ride, but a young fireman, who stood heroically at his post and helped to save the passenger-train from destruction, was fatally injured.

He was carried to the little inn of the village, and two Sisters of Mercy and a physician did their utmost to relieve his sufferings. He begged for a minister, and in a short time, summoned by a swift messenger, a clergyman stood by his bedside. His brother, a brakeman on the same train, and other train-hands, also were there, anxious for the faintest sign of hope.

"My dear lad," said the minister, "he who died for us all is your Saviour and mine, now. Do you accept him? Can you trust him?"

"Yes," gasped the poor fellow, "I do believe in him! But God knows I've worked so hard—sixteen hours every day, and gone to bed so tired—I haven't had a chance to go to church or be a Christian—"

"But," interrupted his brother, sobbing, "he's been a good boy. He worked night and day to support our crippled sister and mother—and me, when I was laid up for a year, and couldn't work."

"Yes, sir, and he took care of me," de-

clared a big, grimy baggageman, choking so that he could hardly speak, "when I had the smallpox, and no body else would come nigh me—and he almost lost his job!"

"And more'n once," added a slender looking youngster, "he's took my run—after he'd come home tired—when I was too sick to go out. I'd 'a' lost my place but for him."

"He was the best of us all," said the conductor, coming in at the moment, and giving his cordial word.

The poor fireman smiled upon his friends—a smile of gratitude, mingled with gentle reproach. He had never expected praise. Then his eyes rested pleadingly on the minister.

"Say, mister," cried his brother, in a tone of anguish, "God won't keep such a fellow out of heaven, will he?"

The minister could not restrain his tears. He leaned over the suffering youth, and took his hand tenderly.

"The peace of God be on you, my boy," he said; "the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ—for you have done his work."

He could say no more. But there was no need, for the face of the dying lad brightened at the benediction, as if the One his soul groped for had come and looked on him. Then came silence, the silence that owns the presence of death.

After a brief prayer the clergyman turned away. "It is the final sacrament," he said, solemnly. "The religion of Jesus found this toiling soul shut out from its rites of worship. But he lives its deeds, and it could not deny him its last blessings."

#### The Godly Mother

Dr. Gregg, in Treasury.

There is no finer piece of writing in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which has seen scores of editions, than that chapter which is called "His Mother's Sermon." The young minister had just been commissioned to preach. He was to preach his first sermon in the old kirk, where he had been baptized. He had been set apart by his mother during his infancy to the work of the ministry. In preparing his sermon he used all the gems of thought he had gathered during his seminary course. It was brilliant. It was an amazement to himself. He had to pray that he might not be called at once to the foremost pulpit in the land. It was a review of modern thought. In it were trenchant criticisms on old-fashioned thought. It had historical parallels in it. It was learned. It was way above the audience of plain people to which he was about to preach. It was a masterpiece. On the very night before the Sabbath, a change came over the spirit of his dreams; and he took the sermon and threw it into the red fire, and watched it shrivel up and disappear. Then he fell upon his knees and asked God for a plain message for a plain people. God heard his prayer and gave him a message. It was just such a message as the good people needed. It was a message about the Nazarene. It was the voice of Jesus himself saying, "Come unto